PLEASANT COM[illegible]

OR

TRYAL of WITS

Being a choice Collection of [illegible] lant Spories, gathered from the [illegible] French, Italian and Spanish Authors.

Whereof some are Historically true; [illegible] the happy fictions of Ingenious [illegible]

I. *Loves Artifice.*
II. *The Happy Surprisal.*
III. *The Comical Cheat.*
IV. *The Fortunate Thief.*
V. *The Intrigue at a Venture.*
VI. [illegible]
VII. *The [illegible] Courtship.*
VIII. *Fate in a Circle.*
IX. *Love in the Grave.*

Comes facetus in Via pro Vehiculo est.

Quaint Book, or sprightly Lad, with humours [illegible]
Like swift *Olympic* Chariot rids the way;
In pleasant Phrase, he mystick Story tells,
Whilst the grave Pack-Horse tires for want of [illegible]

LONDO[illegible]
[illegible] by *J. Grantham*, for [illegible], at the [illegible] without *Temple-Bar* [illegible]

PN 6014
.P72
Rare Book Room

To the Honourable CHARLES TOWNSHEND, *Esq;*

209435

Honour'd Sir,

I Offer not these Trifles to your View, as Discourses that may any ways Conduce to the Improvement of your Noble Education; but as they may serve for a Divertisement and Relaxation to the Mind, when it has been long bent upon more Generous Studies; such as the Grandeur of your Birth, and the promptness of your own Natural Genius invite you to. To such Sparkling Wits as yours, it is every ones Duty, in the dawning of it, to help forward its rising Lustre, that they themselves may hereafter receive the happy Influence of its more Invigorated light. But I, *Sir*, must own the presumption, who have dar'd to make an Offering to you of such mean Gleanings as these, who have a just Claim to all that the most Luxuriant

fancy can preſent you with, dreſt in the richeſt Garb. If the Collection of theſe Toys ſhall delight with their Novelty, yet are they neither valuable nor curious enough, to be received into the Cabinet, if you pleaſe, *Sir*, to admit 'em the Porch, it is above their merit; but as they tell the World, *That Homage* and *thoſe profound Reſpects* I am Obliged to pay to your Self and Noble Family, ſince rather than give no Signatures of it, I have ventur'd upon this, tho' a ſubject much too low to ſo great a Patron. *Sir*, If you pleaſe to pardon this humble Preſent, which I leave at your feet, I have my utmoſt Satisfaction in their Compoſure; and Compleated my Ambition in the Title, of

Honoured *Sir*,

Your moſt Faithful

and Obedient Servant,

T. W.

THE PREFACE.

The Bookſeller to the Reader.

IF to laugh amongſt the Ancients, was the diſtinguiſhing property of a Man from a Beaſt, thou haſt here what to accompliſh him, which alone is enough to recommend the Book to thoſe, who are Mercurially inclin'd; But the over-ruling Genius, that provok'd the Author to this Task, was too large to be confin'd to that Latitude: Who has in theſe Stories ſurvey'd Mankind, and taken in the whole Microcoſm. Has Anatomiz'd all the Paſſions, diſplay'd each Muſcle to its full Proportion, as the Strings of a Lute, *or the Pipes of an* Orgain, *are*

are varied into ſo many Motions. Love, Fear, Anger, Joy, all the whole train of them are moved, either in a ſingle Pathos, or together in a Pathetical Order. No private Affection lies ſo Dormant, but may here be rows'd; nor the whole Cavalcade of them, tho' in their full career; but at ſome of theſe recitals may be forc'd to a ſtand. I ſpeak this, only to give a Specimen to thoſe that ſhall peruſe them, that they may perchance not have abſolutely thrown away their time. Would you have Wit? 'tis Scarron. *Would you have Variety? 'tis* Boccace. *Would you have Amorous Intregues? 'tis* Francion. *Would you have Extravagance? 'tis* Rablais. *Would you have Morality? 'tis* Guzman. *To the Dairy-Maid, 'tis a Charme; to the Sheepherd a Diary; and an accompliſhment to the Clown, when by the Fire ſide, he Courts his Miſtreſs: And in ſhort, a Diverſion to the whole Cotage.*

For

For when that the *Cheſnuts* crack,
(and the Ale
Goes round, their Ears are tide to
(the Tale.
The old Wife laughs, and the
(Children ſtare,
And up ſtarts an end, the Plough-
(man's Hair.
Jug cloſe creeps to *Joan*, and to bed
(ſhe'l not go,
For fear of the *Faries*, and *Robin-*
(*Goodfellow.*

In a word, it is a Map *of the little World. The Anatomy of Mankind in his Humours and Paſſions; the Scourge of Folly, and the Spur to Ingenuity: the Diſpeller of Melancholy, and the Harbinger of Mirth. I could be Serious too, in this Argument, if I pleaſe; for in Antient times, the* Mythologiſts *were the firſt Divines.*

But I forbear, and ſo Farwell.

THE
Pleaſant Companion, &c.

NOVEL I.

The Negro, or Loves Artifice.

AT *Valedolid* in *Spain* dwelt *Don Trivultzi*, an ancient Gentleman, and of a fair Eſtate, whoſe Wife *Mariana* dying, left him a ſorrowful Widower, with one only Daughter about Three years old, by whoſe agreeing features *Mariana* yet liv'd in a ſecond Edition. This young Daughter was his only Joy and greateſt care, for whoſe ſake, that he might the better acquaint her with the Duties of Religion, and prevent the early Seeds of Vice, he retir'd to his Country-Houſe, which had naturally ſo melancholly a ſcituation, that it rather look'd like the Cell of a Hermit or ſome Religious Votary who had abjur'd all ſociety; than the Seat of a Gentleman. The Gardens indeed afford-

ed all the pleaſure the place was capable of, which were ſtored with variety of Fruits and excellent Flowers, and double fenced with a high Wall and a deep Moat. Hither retir'd *Trivultzi* with his young Daughter, a Nurſe, and one Maid, whoſe Life was ſo ſolitary and recluſe, that he never would receive a viſit from any of his acquaintance, and very rarely himſelf walk'd farther than the confines of his own Garden. Books he had (which were his owely Companions) not many, but choice, in which, when the weather prov'd foul, or the heat too violent, he placed his buſineſs and recreation. At other times he imployed himſelf in Cultivating his Garden, Pruning his Trees, Tranſplanting, Inoculating, and thoſe other Offices in which he was more particularly delighted. *Mariana*, for ſo was his young Daughter call'd, was now arriv'd at ſix years old, in whom appear'd the forward buds of a pregnant Wit and charming Beauty. The indulgent Father grew extreamly pleaſed with the innocent prattle of *Mariana*, with whom every Evening he conſtantly deverted himſelf, taking all opportunities of infuſing Principles of Piety and Vertue as his young Pupil ripen'd into a capacity. *Trivulzi*,

who

who in his youthful days had been a very Wag, and devoted wholly to the ſervice of fair Ladies and ſuch ſoft encounters, reflecting upon his own amorous Intrigues, and the frequent ſpoils he had made, reſolv'd to prevent thoſe temptations in *Mariana* which had ſo often prevail'd upon her Sex. This was the great reaſon of his retirement. *Mariana* had now compleated Twelve, a creature admirably handſom without Art, and purely innocent, of a Wit quick and lively, a guard ſufficient to have defended her honour againſt all aſſaults, had not her recluſe Education barr'd her from all ſociety; and as much as poſſible could be, from the very notion of that dangerous paſſion call'd Love. But how vain an endeavour is it to exclude the efforts of Nature, which are originally implanted in us? *Mariana* who had never in her remembrance ſeen any Man but her Father, was chatting one day with her Nurſe, and asking ſeveral Queſtions about the World, and what it was, if it was not like their Garden, and who lived in it? and what they did? and if there were no ſuch Creatures in it called Men, that were like her Father? To all which the Nurſe gave proper anſwers; which yet rather inflamed than ſatisfyed her Curioſi-

ty. When turning her Eye towards the Fire ſhe took notice of the Figure of a Blackamoor placed on a Pedeſtal over the Chimney, which was well done, and proportionable to the Life. Nurſe, ſays *Mariana*, What do you call that thing that's over the Chimney, methinks its ſomething like my Father, but it's Black, and never ſpeaks nor walks? That, ſays Nurſe, is made of Black-Stone, and is the Image or likeneſs of one of thoſe men that are in the World. I believe ſo, ſays *Mariana*, and I like it very well; but Nurſe, can't you buy me ſuch a Creature alive as that is? yes, ſays Nurſe, but your Father will kill me if I do; for he would not have you ſee one of thoſe men for all the world. Don't you fear that, ſays *Mariana*, for he ſhan't know it. Next Week my Father goes to *Valedolid*, and then I'le give you Money, and you ſhall go abroad and buy me one. *Trivultzi* forced upon ſome extraordinary occaſions, contrary to his own inclinations to go this Journey, leaves *Mariana* to the care and government of her Nurſe, who was a-freſh ſollicited by her young Miſtreſs, to take this opportunity to make the purchaſe of a live Man which ſhe ſo much long'd for. The Nurſe, whether more willing to gratify *Mariana*,

or for ſoma private advantage ſhe propoſed to her ſelf, took the Money and bought a Black who was a Slave at a neighbouring Village, whom ſhe privately conveyed into her Chamber. *Mariana* was extreamly pleas'd with the company of this live man who could walk and talk, and grew ſo enamor'd of him, that ſhe would not endure him out of her ſight, nor to lye any where but in her own Bed. *Trivultzi* was now upon his return, and every day expected home, which very much perplext *Mariana* and her Nurſe how to diſpoſe of the live Man to prevent his diſcovery. Nurſe perſuaded he ſhould be turn'd looſe, and take his own liberty to go where he would; but *Mariana* would by no means hear of parting with him. At laſt, after ſeveral conſiderations, *Mariana* contriv'd it thus; That Nurſe ſhould take down the Figure of the Black over the Chimney, and bury it at a corner of the Garden under the Weeds and Rubbiſh, and that whenſoever her Father came up into her Chamber, the live Man ſhould ſtep upon the Pedeſtal, and ſtand there in the ſame poſture the Figure did. This was agreed to, and before Nurſe carried away the Figure, *Mariana* made her live Black practice his poſtures over the Chimney with his Legs

a-croſs upon the Pedeſtal, which within a day or two he did ſo exactly, it was no eaſie matter for any but *Mariana* to diſtinguiſh the living Black from the Image. *Trivultzi* was now return'd, and this deſign abſolutely conceal'd from him: Several viſits had he made to *Mariana* in her Chamber without making the leaſt diſcovery; for as he was coming, either *Mariana* or Nurſe gave the Black notice of it; and then he was a top of the Pedeſtal, where he appear'd ſo plain a Figure as would have deceiv'd more than a common eye. It happen'd *Trivultzi* coming up haſtily one day, Nurſe who uſed to give notice being below, *Mariana* was under a ſurprize, and the Black had but juſt time enough to ſtep upon the Pedeſtal as *Trivultzi* entred; *Mariana* he found in ſome little diſorder, which ſhe handſomly diverted without farther notice. *Trivultzi* walking and diſcourſing *Mariana*, the Black finding by his too much haſt he had miſtook his poſture, and croſt his right Leg with his left, whereas his left Leg ſhould have been croſt with his right, as *Trivultzi*'s back was towards him, he ſhifted his Legs to bring 'em into the right poſture; *Trivultzi* whoſe eye was upon a large Looking-Glaſs in the Room, ſaw

the

the Figure upon the Chimney move, upon which, turning quick, he ſaw the two Legs change places. This was a ſight ſo ſtrange and miraculous, it ſtruck fear and trembling through every joynt, and a faint Sweat ran off his Forehead thick and cold as the tears from a Marble Statue; when recovering himſelf; after a Thouſand Croſſes from Head to Foot, and ſome Holy-Water ſprinkled upon the Figure to drive out the Devil, he ventur'd to approach it, and laying his hand upon one of the Legs, inſtead of obdurate Marble, found it pure Fleſh, ſoft and warm. This unluckily diſcover'd *Mariana*'s whole Intrigue with her Gallant, which occaſion'd *Trivultzi* immediately to remove to *Validolid*, where he diſpoſed of *Mariana* in Marriage, to a Gentleman of equal quality and Eſtate: The Black he ſold to the Mines, from whence he was never to be redeemed.

NOVEL II.

The Deſpairing Prodigal, or Happy Surpriſal.

Monſieur Boneil was a Gentleman of a good Family, whoſe Anceſtors gloried more in the Titles of Juſt and Honeſt, than they coveted to have their Names prefac'd with Honourable and Magnificent: His paternal Seat was within three Leagues of *Roan*, where he had a fair Houſe and a plentiful Eſtate, which his own acquirements had very much enlarg'd. His eldeſt and only Son, after he had paſſed through the diſcipline of a Country School, and laid a fair foundation of Learning in the *Latin* and *Greek*, was ſent to the Univerſity of *Paris*, where after two years acquaintance with Philoſophy, his Father deſign'd him for the Study of the Law. Aſſoon as *Monſieur Peter* was ſetled in the College, he was fixt to his Books, which he ſeem'd wholly devoted to, and with that advantage, that he not only out-ran thoſe who equally ſtarted with him, but out-ſtript the very expectation of all his Friends. His natural endowments were no leſs eminent; an acute Wit with a tenacious Memory; his demean courteous and affable to his familiars, which rendred him

him ſo conſpicuous in the Eyes of all, that he was the happy ſubject of every ones diſcourſe. This Character was highly pleaſing to his Father, who now deſign'd to tranſplant him from the College, to thoſe Seminaries of Law, from whence he hoped equal fruit and equal ſatisfaction. *Monſieur Peter*'s ſedulous endeavours had now conquer'd the knots and difficulties of that Study, and ſome publick teſtimonies he had given of a more than ordinary proficiency and improvement. His excellent parts and obliging humour gained upon all, and won him a numerous acquaintance, whoſe frequent and unſeaſonable Viſits obliged him often to ſpend thoſe hours in pleaſure and diverſion, which were ſacred to reading or more ſerious contemplation. What at firſt was a force upon his inclination, began now to be his choice; his Study grew irkſome, and the converſe with Books, the ſociety of dead men, which to his ſprightly temper was like an entertainment in a Charnel-Houſe. His Chamber was now no place of retirement or meditation, only a convenient Dormitory which he haunted every Night about Twelve, if no charming Frolick obliged him to the purſuit of ſtrange adventure. The Ladies of the

Town

Town had a conſiderable ſhare of his hours and friendſhip, of whom, though he was a great admirer, he was none of thoſe whining Lovers who dote upon a ſingle Beauty, and would ſacrifice their lives to this Ladies Black-Eye, or the others Dimple; but his Courtſhip was univerſal, he lov'd all becauſe they had Pettecotes. His Wit and Parts gave him thoſe advantages that no Fort was impregnable to his aſſaults, nor Ladies Heart ſo hard, but his winning behaviour would ſoften, or his Philoſophical Experiment did certainly relieve him; which adviſes, that Ladies Hearts, when grown hard as Flints, are eaſieſt broke upon a Feather-Bed. Wine he dearly lov'd, becauſe it refin'd the Spirits, and from a terrene dullneſs raiſed curious fancies and ſublime raptures, which often afforded matter for new atchievements; and not only for this reaſon, but as it was the Bond and Ligament of good fellowſhip: For no Obligation of Friendſhip can be firm which is not Seal'd in the preſence of Bottle and Glaſs. In ſhort, he was a Gentleman ſo generally complaiſant, that there was not one Vice he had a diſreſpect for.

Theſe extravagant courſes had now reach'd his Fathers Ears, who was dayly alarm'd,

alarm'd with the Debauches of his Son, and infinitely troubled to ſee all his fair hopes and blooming expectations blaſted in a moment; The good Gentleman was not wanting in his ſober advice and ſharp reprehenſion; but the young Spark receiv'd no impreſſion, nor did he value all his Arguments againſt thoſe lewd practices more, than the common declamation of Age and Impotency. His Father finding all his endeavours fruitleſs, earneſtly deſir'd his return into the Country; but Monſieur *Peter* was ſo endear'd to a licentious Life, and his riotous Companions, that he ſtill found ſome new excuſe to retard his Journey. The allowance he receiv'd from his Father was much too ſcanty to defray the conſtant and preſſing charges of his profuſe and prodigal humour; what ſtock of Money his former thrift had hoarded up, was now exhauſted; his Credit he had ſpun out to ſo fine a Thread, that his Reputation was wholly loſt in the opinion of every one but himſelf. The great diſcontent Monſieur *Boneil* was under, to ſee the unhappy miſcarriage of his Son, ſunk him into a deep Melancholly, which layd the foundation of a moſt dangerous diſtemper: His Phyſitians adviſed him to conſult with the

Prieſt,

Prieſt, whoſe Ghoſtly Counſel might prepare him for another World, for all their Art could not preſerve him in this. Above all things he earneſtly deſir'd to ſee his Son before he dyed, and ſince all his Letters could not court him into the Country, he diſpatch'd a Meſſenger on purpoſe to acquaint him he was upon the brink of the Grave, and that if ever he hoped for his Bleſſing he muſt make haſt to receive it. This News was very ſurpriſing, and did deeply affect the young Gentleman, who immediatly took Poſt and recovered his Fathers Houſe two days before he dyed, When coming into his preſence with all Duty and Reſpect, he was received with the tender Expreſſions of a loving and affectionate Father. The next day *Monſieur Boveil* called for *Peter*, and told him, he had ſomething to ſay, which would very much concern him, and deſerved his beſt attention, *I have*, ſays he, *with unſpeakable Sorrow and Affliction heard the Hiſtory of your vicious Life, which is now my Diſeaſe and Death; You have reaſon to believe you have diſoblidged me beyond the Power of a Father to forgive, but my affections like my Charity, know no bounds. I have been preſſed by ſome of your Relations to diſcard you from my favour, and diſinherit you of my Eſtate, but I make you*

Heir

Heir of both. You have made me promiſes of a Vertuous and Sober Life, I heartily pray for the performance for your own ſake: But this I conjure you to, by all that's good and ſacred, that when I am gone, and you have forgot the Advice of your Dying Father, and return to your former Extravagances, and Mortgage, Sell, and ſpend your Eſtate, that you never part from this Houſe out of your Poſſeſſion, nor open the Door of my Cloſet, of which this is the Key, till you are reduced to that extremity and want, that you have neither Sixpence of your own, nor the Credit of it from any body elſe. This with my Bleſſing, is all my fainting Spirits will give me leave to ſay. Upon which, Monſieur *Peter* made a ſolemn Proteſtation for the due obſervance of this his laſt Command. The next day the old Gentleman dyed, and Monſieur *Peter* for about ſix Months lived a Sober retired life. When he began to conſider how abruptly he had left his Friends at *Paris* without taking a civil leave, which to a Gentleman of his critical breeding was inexcuſable: For which reaſon he reſolved upon a Voyage to *Paris*, and ſince he had not found thoſe ſums he expected, and had occaſion for in his Fathers Coffers, he raiſed Five hundred Piſtols upon a Nuke of his Eſtate, which not long after he lopt quite off, to bring

bring into a beter form. He is now arriv'd at *Paris*, where he received the compliments and visits of all his Friends of both Sexes. If this young Gentleman had any byas in him, it was certainly on vertues side, his natural Inclinations tending rather to moderation than excess; but good nature abounded in him, of a facile temper easily wrought upon, and who would rather be courtiously vicious for Company, than morosely good and disobliging. Monsiuer *Peter* had now renewed his acquaintance with all his former Companions, whom he treated with costly Entertainments, nor would he spare for any expence to give the least demonstration that his friendship was real and sincere. In short, his own generous Soul, and his Prodigal Companions, reduced him to great Necessities; he had now Mortgaged and sold all his Estate; his Reputation lost below the credit of an Ale-House Score. Now it was he remembred the advice and Charge of his dying Father, and seeing all his unhappy Circumstances with the same face, as if his last words had been Prophetical, he resolved to go down into the Country, and open the Closet which was Lock'd and Seal'd up, and had so continued till this very day. Entring with

with a greedy expectation of a vaſt Treaſure, which he had no reaſon to hope, but becauſe he wanted it; he firſt ſearched his Fathers Desk, which he found altogether empty, only a ſcrip of Paper writ with his own hand, with this Inſcription, *Now go Hang your ſelf.* The ſeveral Drawers and Boxes furniſhed him with the ſame forlorn Motto, and nothing more. Startled at this diſſapointment, and more ſtrange Counſel, throwing his Eyes about, he ſpied a Rope with a Nooſe ready fitted, a Prayer-Book upon the Table, and underneath a Baſs with a Cuſhion upon it: Seeing all theſe convenient preparations for his unhappy fate, with ſuch comfortable advice, dangerous encouragements to ſo melancholly a Temper, he preſently reſolved to do accordingly, and by one violent act upon himſelf, force a cure of all his miſeries and diſcontents, which proved ſo beyond his expectation. The Rope was fixed above to a falſe Ceeling, which with the weight of his Body fell, and ſhowred down Bags of Gold and Silver to a very great Sum. Monſieur *Peter*, who by the ſudden check of the Rope, had only loſt his Breath, quickly recover'd himſelf, and to his great ſurprize and amazement ſaw all the floor ſtrowed with

Bags,

Bags, which upon ſearch, furniſhed him with ſtore of Friends of both Complexions. This ſtrange and miraculous preſervation, attended with ſo great a Bleſſing, made deep impreſſions; he now ſetled in the Country and recovered all his Eſtate, abandoned his Riotous Companions, lived a ſober life, moderate in his Pleaſures, Belov'd and Admir'd of all, as the moſt lively and expreſs Image of Vertue and Goodneſs.

The

NOVEL III.

The Careleſs Nurſe, or the Comical Cheat.

A Citizen of *London*, whom providence had bleſſed with a fair Eſtate, and his teeming Wife with a young Son, the Hopes and Heir of the Family, gravely conſidering how far the ſmutty Air of the City might influence the tender Infant with more than natural dulneſs, the Truth of which his own experience and Mechanick Philoſophy obliged him to believe, reſolv'd to diſpoſe of him in the Country, under a more pure and ſerene Heaven. Several Viſits had he made to the Neighbouring Villages, and almoſt Rid the Compaſs round before he could fix, either the ſcituation of the place, or the Freckled Complexion of the Nurſe diſpleaſed his Fancy; At laſt about Ten Miles off from that fam'd *Metropolis*, one point to the *Weſt*, he arrived at a Farmers houſe, the place extreamly liked him, nor was the good Woman wanting in the leaſt of thoſe excellent Qualifications, he had ſo long and ſo induſtriouſly ſought for. They preſently agreed upon reaſonable Terms, and the Father at his return to *London*, with his Wives ap-

probation, ſent for the Nurſe to fetch the Child. It happened one day the Nurſe going abroad upon ſome more than ordinary occaſions, left the little One to the care of a young Apprentice Girl, her Servant, who not being much acquainted with the trouble of Children, and having more mind to go to play than tend the peeviſh Brat which cryed for a Teat, She knowing no other ways to quiet it, carried it into the Hogſty, and there layed it to ſuck of the Sow with the Piggs, where ſhe left it very well pleaſed, and gadded abroad her ſelf to find out her Companions. In the Interim the Father chanced to come from *London* to ſee how his litte Son throve at Nurſe, and after he had put his Horſe into the Stable, went into the Houſe which he found empty, and not one of the Family to be ſeen. Coming back into the Yard, heard the cry of a Child, for the quarrelſome Piggs his Foſter Brothers had got away his Teat; the Father following the noiſe which led him to the Hogſty, there found his pretty Bantling ſucking of the Sow. Strangely amazed at this Sight, he took up the Child without any hurt, and wrapt it in his Coat, and carried it back to *London* undiſcovered by any of the Neighbours. The Wench thinking her Dame

was

was now upon return, made haſt Home, and went directly to the Sow to take up the Child, but to her great ſurprize could neither find nor diſcover what was become of it. Not long after came Nurſe home, who asking the Girl for the Child, She told her, when ſhe was gone it cryed ſo to ſuck ſhe could not quiet it, till ſhe went to the Stye and laid it to the Sow, where ſhe left it and went about other Buſineſs of the Houſe; and going for it ſometime after ſhe could not find it, nor imagine which way it was gone. The Nurſe all in a fright at this odd account, ran preſently to ſearch the Hogſtye, but could neither find the Child, nor one rag of the Cloaths; ſhe looked over all the Houſe and Yard, but all in vain; then ſhe went and ſlily enquired of her Neighbours, but to no purpoſe; after all her endeavours ſhe could not receive the leaſt ſatisfaction. The poor Woman half out of her Wits at this ſtrange misfortune, concluded the Sow had certainly eat up the Child. In this great perplexity and diſtreſs, conſidering what was beſt to be done to ſave her own Reputation, and conceal the unhappy fate of her Nurſery from the Parents knowledge, She at laſt reſolved to kill one of the Pigs, and dreſs it up like a dead Child with Flowers and ſweet

Hearbs ready for the Grave, and ſend for two or three of her old Goſſips, and tell 'em her Nurſe-Child dyed ſuddenly in the Night, and Bury it privately; accordingly ſhe did ſo the next day towards Evening, when the Pigg was decently inter'd in the Church-yard without ſuſpition of Parſon, or Clerk. Thus far Nurſe had ſucceeded in her deſign, but conſcious of her own careleſneſs, and neglect, which was the occaſion of this misfortune, ſhe was very much troubled how to diſcover it to the Father and Mother, both which Paſſionately loved the little Infant, and would be very much afflicted with the death of it. Several times ſhe had intended to acquaint them with the loſs of their Child, but ſtill put it off from day to day, her own guilt, and the tender indulgence of the Parents deterr'd her from it. About a Fortnight after, the Father ſent a Letter to Nurſe to come up to *London*, and bring the little Boy with her: glad would ſhe have been to have excuſed her ſelf from this Journey; but ſeeing it impoſſible longer to conceal it, ſhe went accordingly. The Father meeting her at the door told her, Nurſe I am glad to ſee you, but what makes you look ſo melancholy? Why did not you bring the Boy along with you? I ſent

to

to you on purpoſe to bring him, that I may ſeehow the little Rogue does. Nurſe with a deep Sigh,and watry Eyes,acquaints him with the ſudden death of the little Infant,dear to her as her own Hearts Blood. The Father ſeemed above meaſure concerned at this doleful News; when inviting her into the Houſe, ſhe gave a ſecond Relation of this Tragical Story to the Mother, who excellently counterfeited a Paſſion ſuitable to ſo great a Misfortune. Admirably had thoſe three acted over their ſorrowful parts under different diſguiſes.When the Father called for *Suſan* to come down and fetch a Tankard of Ale for Nurſe, in ſhe came with a young Child in her Arms, which Nurſe carefully obſerving, knew it to be the ſame ſhe had but now reported dead and Buried.The preſent ſhame, ſhe was under for ſo notorious a Lye, with the tranſports of a ſudden Joy to ſee the Child ſafe and well,wholy confounded her; nor had ſhe one thought left her to faſhion the leaſt excuſe. After ſhe had a little recovered her ſelf, ſhe freely confeſſed, that imagining the Child really eaten up by the Sow, ſhe had killed and buried one of the Pigs in the room of it, well knowing that ſo unhappy a Circumſtance would for ever have blaſted her own Credit, and

doubled the ſorow and affliction of the diſconſolate Parents. It was further obſerved of the Boy, when grown up, he would never eat of Gammon of *Bacon*, nor any Hogs-Fleſh; which the Naturaliſts gave this reaſon for, that the Sows Milk had curdled upon his Stomach which occaſioned this antipathy; though he ever retain'd a ſmack of his Nurſe, and Pigſtye Relations, in his Booriſh manners and Converſation.

The

NOVEL. IV.

The Labyrinth, or Fortunate Thief.

IN the ſecond year that *Seignior Corvino* was Grand Duke of *Venice*, there happened the moſt Terrible Storm that ever was ſeen, the prodigious flaſhes of Lightning and Cracks of Thunder ſtruck all with horrour and amazement. Amongſt other famous Buildings which ſuffered in this violent Tempeſt, the great Church of St. *Mark* loſt the Spire, which for its towring height and excellent Structure was the Ornament of the City. The Duke and Senate Conſulting to have it rebuilt with a Magnificence anſwerable to its former State, and Auguſtneſs of the whole Church, Summon'd the beſt Artificers of all *Italy*, and by the promiſe of great rewards, Invited many forreign Artiſts to *Venice*. Amongſt others, who appeared there upon ſo conſiderable encouragements, *Mulanto* was one, a *Stone-Cutter* by Trade, and a *Florentine* by Birth, a perſon, not only well skilled in whatever Related to his own Profeſſion, but a man of acute parts, a ſubdolous deſigning Head, of a temper naturally profuſe, which hated all Thrift and good Husbandry; this conſtantly kept him Poor; nor would he ever

endure a thought of Buſineſs, but when no cunning plot and contrivance could relieve his abſolute diſtreſs. The Duke and Senate had now received the ſeveral draughts and models which each perſon had preſented to them, *Mulanto*'s was beſt approved of; and accordingly ordered next day to attend the Duke to give him further ſatisfaction in ſeveral particulars he deſired to be informed of; the reſt were diſmiſſed, each perſon receiving a fair gratuity for his Pains and Travail. *Mulanto*, who had now ſetled himſelf at *Venice*, ſent for his Wife, and Son *Carlo*, who was bred up in his Fathers Imployment, a Youth of a bold undaunted Spirit, a *Florentine* Wit, and a Body of elegant Compoſure in all its parts. *Mulanto*, ſooner than was Expected, had finiſhed his Work to the great content of the Duke and Senate, and admiration of all that ſaw it. The Duke ſent for him and gave him a reward above his Contract, and told him, he deſign'd further buſineſs for him. The Republick of *Venice* was now grown very Rich, and every Street adorn'd with magnificent Buildings, that nothing ſeem'd wanting to compleat the glory of the City, unleſs it was that of a publick Treaſure-Houſe, the old one being much decay'd,

dacay'd, and the form gothick and irregular. The Duke commanded *Mulanto* to give him a Model, and employ his utmoſt Skill and Induſtry in it, to outvye the faireſt Fabricks, that *Italy* or the World could ſhow. This *Mulanto* did, and the Duke approv'd. In order to the raiſing this noble Pile, *Mulanto* received ſeveral conſiderable ſums from the Duke and Senate, which he, as Architect, diſpos'd of to the Inferior Maſters and Workmen; by which ſeveral of them advanced their Fortunes, and liv'd happily, whil'ſt he with a generous Extravagance ſpent all, as if he could never want till the whole Treaſury was exhauſted. In two years time *Mulanto* had compleated his work, to the intire ſatisfaction of the Duke and Senate, who liberally rewarded him, and offered him to continue and enjoy the ſame Priveledges and Immunities as if he had been born Cittizen of *Venice*; upon thoſe encouragements *Mulanto* reſolved to ſettle there, without any thoughts of returning to his own Country. *Mulanto*, whoſe Name was now famous through *Venice* and the greateſt part of *Italy*, lived at a very expenſive Rate, kept the beſt Company, drank the richeſt Wine, his Houſe was the publick rende-

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vous of all his Jolly Companions; this coſtly way of living in ſhort time conſumed all his Wealth, and reduced him to a low Ebb, which to a perſon of ſo Prodigal and looſe a humour ſoon grew intolerable: To reſcue himſelf from theſe extremities, he called to mind the Early proviſion he had formerly made when he built the Treaſure-Houſe, and one Evening taking his Son *Carlo* with him in the dark cover of a *Winter* Night, went directly thither, where by the help of a Ladder made of Ropes, he and his Son ſcal'd the high Wall which ſurrounded it, and at a place which he had given a private mark too, took out an intire Stone, the thickneſs of the Wall, which gave him an open paſſage into the Treaſury. Through this hole crept *Mulanto*, and ſeiz'd what came firſt to his hand, which happen'd to be a large Bag of *Checquins*. *Carlo* and he put in the Stone again, which was artificially contriv'd, to fit the place ſo exactly, that the moſt curious Eye could not diſcover it. Having adviſed *Carlo* how nearly it concerned them both to keep this adventure ſecret, they went home unſeen and unſuſpected. *Mulanto* did not think it reaſonable to force himſelf to a parcimonious and niggerdly way of living, who could at

ſo

ſo cheap a Rate be Prodigal, and gratify his Sences with what pleaſures that luxurious City could afford: but however it might better ſute his prudence, to be more private in his Expences and wanton Frolicks, leſt he who knew himſelf Guilty might too openly expoſe his actions to the cenſures of his obſerving Neighbors. It was not much above a year before *Mulanto*'s bag of *Checquins* was empty, and want and miſery began a freſh aſſault, which he reſolved to Encounter with a ſecond adventure; nor was he leſs ſucceſsful, for he and *Carlo* at dead of Night went to the ſame place and took out the Stone, whereat *Mulanto* entring brought off a Goblet of Gold highly valuable in it ſelf, but much more for the Excellence of the Work and Rarity of the Emboſſment. This Goblet, to prevent ſuſpition, he broke in pieces and melted down, which he ſold at ſeveral ſtrange places as he had occaſion for more Silver. The laſt piece was Sold and Spent, but who can fear poverty that has the whole Treaſure of *Venice* at Command? It fortun'd, and unhappily for poor *Mulanto*, two Months before there arrived Monſieur *Borron*, Reſident from the King of *France*, whom the Duke and Senate entertained with all imaginable Splendor; and

that

that nothing might be wanting to compleat the entertainment of ſo worthy a Stranger, the Duke gave command he ſhould be conducted to the Treaſure-houſe, where not only the common Stock of the State was lodg'd, but all ſorts of Rarities to an Ineſtimable Value.

The Door of the Treaſury had Seven ſeveral Locks to it; ſix of the Keys were kept by ſix of the principal Officers of the State, and the Duke had the ſeventh; his Key he gave to one of thoſe Officers, who all attended the Reſident to the Treaſury, who when he ſaw the vaſt heaps of Gold and Silver, the Plate, Jewels, and Curioſities, that place was richly furniſh'd with, was aſtoniſh'd at the ſight; nor could a common Eye believe leſs than that both *Indies* were met together in one hoard. Whilſt the Reſident was viewing the ſeveral Rarities, one of the Officers miſs'd the golden Goblet *Mulanto* had ſtole; the loſe of this ſtrangely ſurpriz'd him, and all the reſt, each wondering which way poſſibly it could be gone, without the privacy of all of them. At their return, they acqainted the Duke, that ſuch a Goblet of Gold was miſſing, and not to be found by their ſtricteſt ſearch. After ſeveral conſiderations,

tions, it was agreed it muſt certainly be ſtole, but by whom, or what means, was beyond all conjecture. The Duke, who was a moſt Prudent Sagacious Prince, ordered that they ſhould critically examine every creek and corner of the Houſe, if poſſible they might find the Avenue, by which the Theif had made his entrance; this was done, but no place was found that could give the leaſt Suſpition. The Duke then ordered they ſhould make a ſmother in the Houſe of ſeveral Aromaticks, of a moſt piercing quality, and walk round the outſide to ſee if they could diſcover any Cranys where it vented it ſelf, this met with an anſwerable ſucceſs, for between the Stones where *Mulanto* came in, it found a paſſage; which obſerving, they made a Mark upon the Stone, and as ſoon as the ſmother was over, trying the firmneſs of the Wall they found the Stone was not cemented as the reſt were, but artificially fitted to it with ſuch exactneſs as was undiſcoverable. The Stone they eaſily took out, and to their great amazement found a hole wide enough for a Man to creep in at; having thus diſcovered his way, their next deſign was to lay a Trap for the Thief. The Duke then gave Orders to a perſon of unqueſtionable Integrity

tegrity and honesty, to watch in the House from Morning to Night, and under this Hole was placed a Caldron of Pitch, under which every Night he made a Fire, and left it boyling till his return next Morning. One of these unhappy Nights it was, that *Mulanto* and *Carlo* made choice of to recruit their wants with a fresh supply: and as afore, *Mulanto* having taken out the Stone, on a sudden an unseen *Screetch-Owl*, from her ill-boding Throat warned him of his approaching Destiny, at which *Carlo* startled; *Mulanto* cryed, be not afraid, what her Language is I don't know, but I am sure she will tell no Tales. *Mulanto* going in as formerly with his feet formost, dropt into the Caldron of boyling Pitch, which so suddenly suffocated him, that he could only say, *Dear* Carlo *Cut off my Head, and Comfort your Mother*. Strange and unexpected was this disaster, and of dangerous Consequence to *Carlo* and his Widowed Mother. Assoon as *Carlo* could recover himself from that Confusion of thought this dismal accident had plunged him into, he considered the last words of his Dying Father, and how requisite it was for him to cut off his Head; which being above the reach of the Pitch, might possibly be unconsumed, and the occasion of his own

and

and Mothers Ruine. For this reaſon he preſently reſolved to Execute his Fathers laſt Will, and accordingly took off his Head, and left his carkaſs to the mercy of the Caldron. The Conſideration of his Fathers misfortune and his own imminent danger, gave Wings to his Feet, and haſten'd him off with all poſſible Speed. The difficult part he had to act was yet behind, to Command his own, and moderate the Paſſions of a forlorn Widow for the loſs of an indulgent Husband, which upon ſo Tragical a Relation knew no bounds, though the preſervation of her own ſweet Life urg'd it with the moſt powerful Arguments. The next morning, the perſon who attended the Caldron as conſtantly as the Sun Roſe, preſently diſcover'd the rat was catch'd, and gave notice of it to the Duke, who haſtened to the place to examine the Body, if poſſibly he might know who the Thief was. The Fleſh by this time was boyl'd off from the Bones, nor was it in the power of the moſt Skill'd *Anatomiſt* to diſcover either Figure or Lineaments. The Duke Commanded the Caldron to be ſearched, and the Bones taken out, but no Scull was found, which more amazed him. It was not to be thought the Thief came thither without a Head, and which way it

was

was gone, was above their gueſs. However he ſent for an Artiſt and ordered him, to wyre the Bones together according to their proper places, which done, there appeared the Skeleton of a Man without a Head. This Figure was placed upon a Hurdle, and ordered to be drawn through all the Streets of *Venice*, and Officers to attend it, who ſhould obſerve if any perſon was more than ordinary Inquiſitive, or ſeemed to bewail the misfortune of the Deceaſed: For it was concluded by the whole Conſult, this perſon was not without his Confederates, who had taken away the Head the better to conceal themſelves. *Carlo*'s Mother, who by this time had coold her violent affections for her loſt Husband with the apprehenſions of her own danger, accidentally looking out of a Window ſpied her Husbands Body drag'd through the Streets; this dreadful ſight raiſed new paſſions in her Breaſt, which ſhe diſcovered by loud Shreeks and Exclamations. The attendants immediately approach'd the Window, others ruſhed into the Houſe to ask the cauſe of ſo ſtrange a diſorder. *Carlo*'s prompt Wit furniſh'd him with a ready anſwer, for being at work with a *Chiſſel* in one hand, he gave himſelf a deep and gaſhly Wound in the other, which ſtream'd down

down with Blood. The Officers preſſing in, he told 'em, that his Mother frighted at his ſudden miſchance, fell into theſe Agonies, fearing he had done himſelf a greater Miſchief. They ſeeing the great efuſion of Blood, went off ſatisfyed with this Anſwer.

Mulanto was all-this time ſuppoſed to be at *Florence*, for ſo had *Carlo* given out amongſt the Neighbours, which was the eaſier credited, becauſe of late days he uſed often to Frolick it into the Country, where he could enjoy his licentious Pleaſures free from fear or ſuſpition. The Officers had now drawn the Body through all the Streets of *Venice*, without being able to give the Duke the leaſt circumſtance which could lead to a Diſcovery. The Duke then commanded a Gibbet to be ſet up at the *Rialto*, and the Body fixt to it; and a conſtant Guard to attend it Day and Night. The poor Widow underſtanding that her Husbands Body was thus Ignominiouſly us'd, told *Carlo*, that if he had not that dutiful reſpect to his Fathers Memory, as rather to run the extreameſt hazards of his Life, than to ſee his Corps thus barbarouſly abuſed, ſhe had that tenderneſs for him who was once her loving Husband, that ſhe would rather endure

the ſharpeſt Torments, and make an open Confeſſion, than have his Body continue thus ſhamefully Expos'd. This Diſcourſe was very unpleaſant to *Carlo*, who endeavoured to convince her of the great danger he underwent in this Adventure; and for no other end, but to pleaſe her fond Humour. He told her the Body was not ſenſible of the diſgrace, and reſted as quiet upon the Gibbet as it could under the faireſt Monument; that none ſuſpected it was *Mulanto*'s Body, and ſo long as they concealed it, the Diſcredit of the Gibbet reflected no more upon them than upon any other private Family in the whole City. Theſe Reaſons had no power with her, her own paſſionate humour prevail'd, and *Carlo* muſt either recover the Body from the Gibbet, and decently interr it, or ſhe would diſcloſe the whole Story. *Carlo* ſeeing the abſolute neceſſity he was under of preſerving his life by venturing upon ſo dangerous a deſign, reſolved upon it. In the cloſe of the Evening he walked down to the Sea-ſide, and there hired Six Saylors, luſty ſtout Fellows to go along that Night upon an adventure for which they ſhould be well paid, they agreed to it. Theſe he dreſt up with Black Frocks and frightful Vizards, each one having a light-

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ed Torch in his Hand, and mounted a Horſe-back, he himſelf Equipp'd like the reſt, as Captain rid before 'em; about Midnight they ſet out, and mov'd directly to the *Rialto*, the Guard who watch'd the Gibbet were frighted out of their Wits at this diſmal Apparition, nor could they think 'em leſs by their outward appearance than ſo many Devils, whereupon they fled which way their fear led 'em. The Guard being diſperſed, *Carlo* went to the Gibbet, where they took down the Body and carried it off with 'em, which he privately Buried, and paying his Attendance according to agreement, they parted, their own danger obliging 'em to ſecrecy. In the Morning, News was brought to the Duke the Body was ſtolen from the Gibbet; he ſent for the Watch, who upon their Examination told him, at Midnight there ſuddenly appeared ſeven Devils with great ſawcer Eyes, and Flames of Fire in their Hands, whereof one of them ſeem'd to be the great Devil, and Commander of the reſt, theſe march'd directly to the Gibbet, took down the Body and eat it amongſt 'em; that having neither Power nor Orders to Contend with Devils, they conſulted their own ſafety by a haſty Flight. The Duke in a great rage commanded 'em all

to be ſeverely puniſhed, the due reward of their vain fears and neglect of Duty. The boldneſs of this Attempt ſufficiently confirmed the Duke there were more Partners in the Robbery; but how to lay a Plot to diſcover the Confederates, would admit a more ſerious Conſideration. At length he reſolved it thus, He ordered that no *Butcher*, or any other perſon after ſuch a day ſhould preſume to kill or ſell any Veal for the ſpace of Nine Months, and that the Offender ſhould be liable to ſuch puniſhment as Authority ſhould think fit to inflict for ſo great a Contempt. The ſtrictneſs of this Edict obliged all to a due obſervance. Eight Months of the Nine being now paſt, the Duke ſent for a *Butcher*, and ordered him to buy the Fatteſt and beſt Calf he could purchaſe for money, to kill, and dreſs it, and expoſe it to ſale upon the publick Shambles; but withal, ſet a price upon each Joynt ſo intollerably dear, that neither the richeſt Merchant, or greateſt Senator, though they Coveted to eat Veal, would gratify their Appetites at ſuch a prodigious Expence. The *Butcher* had private inſtructions from the Duke, dilligently to obſerve the perſon who bought any of him, who he was, and where he lived, ſuppoſing thoſe perſons

would

would be moſt ready to pleaſe their liquoriſh Palates with a dainty Diſh, whoſe idleneſs and luxury were ſupported by dangerous and unlawful Courſes. The Widow hearing there was *Veal* to be ſold; with other Neighbours went to Cheapen it, but the Price was ſo exceſſive, it was not in the Power of her Pockets to Buy. At Night ſhe told *Carlo* of it, how above all things in the World ſhe longed for *Veal*, which rather than not have, ſhe could willingly purchaſe with the hazard of her Life and Fortunes. *Carlo*, who well knew how nearly it concerned him not to make one falſe ſtep, aſſured her this was a Plot of the Dukes, that he had reaſon enough to be jealous of it, however ſhe Imagin'd; and with all earneſtneſs diſſwaded her from the thoughts of ſo dangerous a Morſel. Whatever *Carlo* could ſay was to no purpoſe, ſhe had much rather he ſhould venture his Life than ſhe loſe her longing. *Carlo*, whoſe ſharp wit, ſeldom fail'd in Extremities, ſat down to conſider how he might beſt Compaſs his deſign; and ſince open force was not to be us'd, reſolved upon ſubtle Stratagems. He deſired his Mother to make him againſt the next Evening a fair Cake according to the beſt of her Art. This being done,

he prepared a large Flagon of Spic'd Wine, into which he infus'd a plentiful doſe of *Opium*; he having thus baited the Hook, out he went in the cloſe of the Evening, with the Flagon and Cake under his Cloak, diſguiſed in the habit of a Merchants Servant. The Butcher who had care of the *Veal*, Night coming on, had removed it from the open *Shambles* to his own Shop, where it was Guarded by three of his Servants, and as yet not one Joynt of it Sold. *Carlo* arrived at the place as they were ſhutting up the door of the Shop, and thus accoſts 'em, I pray ye Friends, where lives *Seignior Frometto* my Maſters Taylor? One of 'em, anſwered he knew no ſuch Perſon nor Name. I wandred about here quoth *Carlo*, till I am tir'd to find the *Cornuto* out, and can't hear of him, he is making a Sute of Clothes for my Maſter, who has ſent him a Flagon of Wine and a Cake to be merry with to Night, and I think I muſt be forc'd to carry it back again. No, anſwers one of 'em pertly, you had better leave it here with us where it will be ſafe; and run home for new Directions. Yes, ſays *Carlo*, like a ſoft-Pated Fellow, and thank you with all my Heart, for it grows very Dark, and I may hap to Stumble and ſpoyl the Treat. Aſſoon as

as *Carlo* was gone, they lock'd up the Door, and fell a laughing one at another; quoth one of 'em, what a Cods-head of a fellow is this, to leave his Cake and Wine here with us? Since fortune has been ſo kind to put ſo unexpected a bleſſing into our hands, by my conſent we'l ſhare the Taylors Banquet: I believe its a good Medecine to drive away Sorrow, and keep out the cold of the Evening. I ſays another, withal my heart: But what ſhall we ſay, when he comes back? P'ſha ſays tother, he's a Fool, and can't find the Shop again; if he does, we'l ſwear we n'ere ſaw his Face in our lives before, and know nothing of the matter. Thus ended the debate, when the laſt Orator ſet Flagon to Mouth, and began a Health with it. This was what *Carlo* expected, who about two hours after, returned with a pair of truſty Companions, and peeping through the Key hole, and other Creviſes of the Shop, ſaw the three jolly Revellers tumbling upon the Floor; all their Senſes ſo faſt lockt up by the powerful Opiate, that the loudeſt Thunder could not awaken 'em. *Carlo* with an Engine for the purpoſe, opens the Door, where he and his Comerades entring, they put up every

Limb and Joynt of the *Veal* into a large Sack, ſhut the Door faſt after them, and went off undiſcover'd. The next morning, News was brought to the Duke, that the whole *Veal* was ſtole; it may eaſily be imagin'd what a violent ſtorm this rais'd in his Breaſt, to ſee himſelf outdone, or countermin'd in all his Contrivances. An Officer was preſently diſpatch'd to ſeize the Butcher and his Servants, whom the Duke with an eye full of fury and revenge, threatens with the moſt cruel Torments, if they did not give him a juſt and true Account of the whole Affair. The Butcher moſt humbly beg'd his *Exelentiſſimo* would pleaſe to Examine his Servants, whom he had entruſted to watch the Meat all night; that for his part, he was not able to give him the leaſt ſatisfaction in any point. Whereupon the Duke ask'd one of 'em, what he could ſay for himſelf? who told him, that in the dusk of the Evening, a Stranger came by with a Flagon of Wine and a Cake, and ask'd where a certain Taylor liv'd? they knew no ſuch perſon thereabout. He complain'd he was weary, and deſir'd to leave the Flagon of Wine and Cake at the Shop, till he went back for better Directions; when he was gone, by agreement we eat up the Cake,

and

and drank off the Wine, and were presently charmed into a dead sleep; and in the Morning when we awak'd, we found the Door fast, but all the *Veal* Conjur'd away. The sillineſs of this Relation forc'd a ſmile from the Duke in the heat of his Paſſion, who preſently concluded the Cake and Wine were the deſign'd Baits with which this Artiſt angled for his Gudgeons. The next day the Duke gave private command to one of his Servants to call together Three hundred Beggars, to whom he gave a very charitable Largeſs, and order'd them to diſperſe through all the City according to their ſeveral walks, and to that perſon who brought him any piece of the Veal, either Raw, Roſted, Boyl'd, or Bak'd, he promis'd a conſiderable reward; each perſons name was inroll'd, and every Night they met and were call'd over. The Widow, who had now Veal enough to glut her wanton appetite, made no ſpare; each common Meal was a Feaſt more delicate than the greateſt Senators Table was furniſh'd with. One of theſe Beggars being at the Door about Dinner time, ſmelt hot Meat; this embolden'd him to a ſtep or two further than the modeſty of a Beggar could admit him, where he ſaw a large Shoulder

of

of Veal Roasting at the Fire, who presently with his moving Rhetorick, and melancholly tone, discover'd his great wants, Old, long Sick, and almost Starv'd for want of Bread. The Charitable Widdow, more compassionate than prudent, gave him a large piece of Bread, and a cut from the Spit, which he receiv'd with Ten thousand prayers and thanks to her bountiful hand. As the Beggar was going forth, *Carlo* met him at the Door, and seeing a piece of Veal in his Hand, ask'd him what he had got there? I thank my good Mistress, says he, she has given me a morsel of Meat, Heavens Blessing be with her. Alas! says *Carlo*, that's a morsel indeed, she's very sparing of her kindness, come in and I'le give thee a Belly-full poor man; the Beggar following, *Carlo* decoyed him into a private Room, and there knock'd him o'th' Head, and threw his Body down into a Vault. At Night, as was usual, the Beggars Roll was call'd over, and one of 'em missed; all possible inquiry was made after him, but no-body could tell what was become of him. The Duke was told of it, who was passionately concern'd for the loss of the poor Man; for he immediately guessed the truth, That he was most certainly Murder'd to prevent

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vent a diſcovery. Though this defeat had highly incenſed him, and the more, to ſee all his politick Ambuſcades meet with a diſappointment, he had yet one project for a reſerve which he hoped ſucceſs from; there were ſeveral extravagant frolickſom Gentlemen whom the Duke had a jealous eye over; for there ſakes, upon a Feſtival day, he made a very ſplendid entertainment, and invited Three hundred of the livelieſt Sparks *Venice* afforded; amongſt the reſt *Carlo* was one, whoſe gay humour and pleaſant converſe recommended him to the Company of thoſe above his Rank and Quality: The Dinner was Princely and Noble, both for coſtlineſs and variety; which being ended, the Gentlemen were Conducted into the Garden, where there was a ſtately Pleaſure-Houſe, built with great art and curioſity for that days ſolemnity. Here were they Treated with a moſt ſumptuous Banquet, choice Muſick, and the richeſt Wines. Night now growing on a-pace, and the Gentlemen ready to take their leave, the Duke told 'em no; he had devoted that Night to Mirth and Pleaſure, and could by no means part with ſo good Company. The Duke, whoſe State would not permit him that familiarity with his Gueſts as would

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anſwer his deſign, withdrew to his Chamber, and Order'd ſome of his more particular Confidents to attend them, and ſuffer nothing to be wanting that might encourage their ſprightly humour to a free and open Converſe. Theſe, by repeated Healths, by new and ſurprizing Frolicks which out did a Carnival, endeavour'd to open the Caſement of their Breaſt, and peep into their moſt ſecret and retir'd Thoughts. But *Carlo*, conſcious of his own danger, carefully watch'd all his Words and Actions, though no man appeared more profuſely jocund and facetious than himſelf. It was now grown very late, and the Night half ſpent, when Repoſe was the moſt welcome entertainment they were capable of, whereupon they were all brought into a long Gallery richly furniſh'd with a Hundred and one and fifty Beds, where theſe Gentlemen were lodg'd two and two together, and in the middle was placed a Bed of State, which was yet empty. Aſſoon as the Gentlemen were all in Bed, came in Six Ladies of Honour attending upon *Pamphilia* in her Night-Gown, the Dukes only Daughter, a Lady young and incomparably handſom! In the Bed of State was *Pamphilia* Lodg'd alone, and the other

ther Ladies withdrew to their own Apartments. This was a Circumſtance ſtrangely ſurprizing to all the Company, nor was it poſſible for 'em to dive into the meaning of it; however their own ſafety obliged 'em not to attempt any thing upon the Ladies Honour, which no doubt had an inviſible guard. *Carlo*, who alone could ſolve this Riddle, was under great perplexity and diſtreſs what to do: The enjoyment of ſo Beauteous a Lady charm'd his Sences; but every ſtep he made was unſafe, and either led him into a preſent hazard, or future diſcovery. The Temptation at laſt prevail'd, and he, who like a true *Italian*, *knew no ſin*, ſo fear'd no danger *below the Navel*. Sleep had now ſeal'd up all their eyes, and the darkneſs of the Night ſeem'd propitious to him, when *Carlo* leaving his Companion loudly Snoring, ſoftly advanc'd to *Pamphilia*'s Bed, where eaſie ſurrender requir'd no Articles but what Love and Pleaſure freely agreed to. The Embraces of ſo fair a Lady banqueted his Sences with a more compleat ſatisfaction than all the Regalio's of the Dukes Treat. When mutual Careſſes had made a Truce by conſent, *Carlo* taking leave with a Kiſs, felt ſomething cold upon his Forehead,

this

this he ſuſpected was a Mark by which the Lady deſign'd to know her Bedfellow, and the Duke the bold Enamorado. Feeling about, he at laſt found a Sawcer upon a Stool by the Bed-ſide, in which was a Rag dipt in *Indigo*, which he privately took along with him, and went to his own Bed to conſider what was now to be done. After ſome time he got up, and with a ſilent pace walk'd round to every Bed, and dotted every one upon the Forehead with one, two or three dots, as beſt pleas'd his fancy; which done, he return'd to the Ladies Bed, and ſet down the Sawcer where he found it, without the leaſt miſtruſt. *Carlo*, who by this Ceſſation had gain'd a recruit, challenges the yielding Nymph to a freſh Engagement, whoſe plentiful ſupplies forc'd him at laſt to quit the Field, only leaving a Kiſs in hoſtage. As he was going off he felt a ſecond dot, which confirm'd him this was the Character to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of his Company. Early in the Morning the Ladies came in to ſalute the young Princeſs, and hear what adventures ſhe had met withal; *Pray*, ſays ſhe, *tell the Duke my Father, A Gentleman came twice to Bed to me, whom I mark'd each time with a dot on his Forehead, according to his Directions.*

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The Duke was extreamly pleas'd at this Diſcovery, and went immediately into the Gallery and bid *Good-morrow* to his drowſy Gueſts who were yet all in Bed. The Gentlemen hearing the Dukes Voice, threw open their Curtains, and with a ſuitable reſpect return'd his Complement; where to his great amazement, he ſaw every one of 'em mark'd upon the Forehead, with one, two or three dots. The Gentlemen were all aſham'd to ſee themſelves thus ſpotted, without knowing the Reaſon, or remembring any Frolick, which was the occaſion of it. Aſſoon as the Gentlemen were ready, they all came down into the great Hall to wait upon the Duke, who thus receiv'd 'em, *Gentlemen, I have long endeavour'd a Diſcovery, but all in vain; all the Trains I have laid have been fir'd by the Enemy, and the Smoak blown upon my own Face: The Senſe of this I am confident to moſt of you is dark and unintelligible; that it is not ſo to all of you I am as well aſſur'd: And I do here declare and promiſe before you all, if that perſon will now freely and generouſly confeſs, I will both pardon him in whatever he has offended, and this day Eſpouſe him to my Daughter* Pamphilia, *and compleat the Nuptials in the preſence of this worthy Company.* Carlo

Carlo ſtept forth, and upon his Knees beg'd the Dukes Pardon, and the favour he might give his Relation in private, which the Duke accepted: He was that day ſolemnly Married to *Pamphilia*, with whom he had a vaſt Treaſure; and was afterwards, for his eminent parts, and prudent Conduct in State affairs, Elected Duke of *Venice*.

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NOVEL V.

The Miſtake : or the Intrigue at a venture.

AN *Engliſh* Gentleman, who had made the *Tour* of *France*, and was now arriv'd at *Venice*, miſſing a Bill of Exchange he expected, was under great diſtreſs, his Letters Recommendatory by ſome unhappy accident were loſt, and the preſent ſtock of his Pockets was ſo ſlender a Treaſure, it would be ſoon Exhauſted. Conſidering how to prevent future Inconveniences, which would grow ſevere upon him in a ſtrange place, he endeavoured to acquaint himſelf with ſome *Engliſh* Merchants, or other Gentlemen of his own Country, from whoſe friendſhip he hoped for a Credit and ſupply, till his own Returns could anſwer his preſſing Occaſions. Being late abroad one Night with ſome of his Countrymen, and unacquainted with the Streets which were then dark and empty, he ſaw a light in the next Houſe, where he knocking at the door, to ask directions for the way to his Lodging, an old Nurſe came down with the Candle in her Hand,

which of a ſudden ſhe put out; and then open'd: *Seignior* ſays ſhe, I am glad you are come, my Miſtreſs wonders you ſtay ſo long, ſhe has expected you in Bed theſe two long hours by the Clock; Nay, what do you ſtand for, the Neighbors will take notice; my Maſter you know is out of Town, and will not be back theſe two days. The Gentleman was ſurpriz'd with this diſcourſe, and the old Woman had run it all in a Breath, that he could not Interpoſe a Word, nor ask the queſtion he deſign'd. He had no leiſure to conſider what might be the conſequence of this Adventure which Fortune had ſo odly thrown upon him, but in he went, and left the Iſſue of it to the care of his better Genius: The Woman made faſt the door and went up Stairs, he following her into a Chamber, *Seignior*, ſays She, you know the way to Bed I hope without any Complemental Attendance. He groped about the Room, and at laſt he found the Bed; *Ay my Dear*, ſays a Voice from between the Sheets, Pray make haſt, you never keep your promiſe: He excuſed himſelf in a low and humble tone which might give no diſcovery of the Miſtake of his Perſon. Having undreſſed himſelf, in Bed he found a Creature whoſe Sex pleaſed him, which was

all

all he could know of her; The apprehenſion of the double danger he was in, obliged him to keep a watchful Eye, nor durſt he when ſurfeited with the Pleaſures of ſo Amorous a Bedfellow, compoſe himſelf to Reſt, till a freſh recruit of Spirits had given him new Courage for a ſecond Encounter. Repeated Amours in mutual Careſſes had now worn out the Night, and the Morning Dawn began to peep in at the Window, when the bold Gallant fearing his Miſtreſs might grow ſenſible of her Error, ſlip'd out of Bed and dreſſed. When he was ready, taking leave with a Kiſs, ſhe put her hand behind the *Bolſter*, and gave him a Purſe, which the weight of it aſſur'd him was valuable. Going down, the Old Woman waited upon him to the door, which ſhe ſhut after him, without taking any further notice of his perſon. Before he quitted the place, he made ſome Remarques how to know the Houſe again, and from the next he met, enquired the name of the Street. He had now leaſure and light enough to examine the Purſe, which preſented him with a Hundred *Checquins*, a bountiful reward for one Nights diverſion. The next day he was Curious to know his Bedfellow, who had been in all Circumſtances ſo obliging to him; he

preſently found out the Street, and the Houſe, where appeared a Mercers Shop richly furniſhed; in he went, and ask'd for Silks proper for a Morning-Gown; as he was pleaſing his fancy, amongſt the varieties which were offer'd him, a Gentlewoman came in, young and handſom, by whoſe carriage and deportment he ſuppos'd might be the Miſtreſs of the Houſe: Having agreed for the Price, he drew out the ſame Purſe, which ſhe obſerved with a wiſhful eye; as he was telling out his Money to pay for it, ſhe ſtept up to him, and with a Courtly meen invited him into the Parlour, where he was treated with a Flask of *Florence*, and what other Viands her plentiful ſtore afforded, to expreſs a more ſingular reſpect and kindneſs: Amongſt other Diſcourſes, ſhe ſeem'd particularly concern'd to know from whence he had that fine Purſe, which was curiouſly wrought and Spangled, and no doubt the preſent of ſome fair Lady, or more generous Miſtreſs. *Madam*, ſays the Gentleman, with a graceful Smile, I ſhould think my ſelf extreamly happy, was it in my power to anſwer any of your Commands with the leaſt ſatisfaction to your ſelf; but this is a ſecret of that great importance, that in

Honour

Honour I ought not to reveal it, nor indeed can I, for I neither know, nor ever ſaw the Lady I am ſo deeply obliged to, and from whoſe bountiful hand I received it. She ſtill preſſing with nicer queſtions, he recounted to her the whole ſcene of his lucky Fortune and amorous Intriegue in his laſt Nights adventure; at which ſhe bluſh'd, and told him, I am very well aſſur'd, *Seignior*, you are a Gentleman, whoſe Gallantry ſcorns to expoſe the defects of our weaker Sex: And was I as confident that the ſight of her perſon with whom you had thoſe pleaſant Revels, would not abate her eſteem in your preſent opinion of her perfections, I could in that Glaſs, without Magick Art, ſhow you her Face. The Gentlewoman had now made as free and open an acknowledgement as her modeſty would allow, which he with all the Tranſports of a preſent ſatisfaction receiv'd, and ſeal'd the Secrecy with a Kiſs, and the moſt Sacred Proteſtations a Cavalier can give. She told him, that a young Gentleman, who had made his Courtſhip to her, and only waited for the happy hour to compleat his Amours, was that Night expected, whom till now ſhe thought had been that Enamorado who lay all Night Enchaced

in her Arms. This fix'd an intimate familiarity and Acquaintance between 'em, during the Gentleman's ſtay at *Venice*; which prov'd a Friendſhip of that advantage to him, that he never after fear'd the loſs of a Bill of Exchange, who had ſo liberal a *Burſe* at Command. When he took his leave, ſhe followed him into the Shop, and told her Servant, this Gentleman has pay'd me for his Silk, and pray ſend it according to his Directions; and I hope, *Sir*, as you like this, we ſhall have more of your Cuſtome; for I dare promiſe you the beſt Commodity at the moſt reaſonable Rate.

NOVEL

NOVEL VI.

The Midnights Ramble.

THE Count *de Montalto* ſent, Monſieur *De Jardin*, one of his Gentlemen to *Naples*, with Five hundred *Piſtols* to buy Horſes; being arriv'd there, as he was ſtanding the next Evening in the Gate of the Inn, playing with his Purſe of Gold out of one hand into the other, he was obſerv'd by a young Courtezan who wanted neither Wit nor Beauty. The next Morning ſhe ſent one of her Spies privately to inquire who ſuch a Gentleman was? his Buſineſs? and what other Circumſtances related to him, or could advantage her deſign. Being inform'd of particulars whereon to found her Plot, ſhe diſpatch'd away one of her Emiſſaries, a cunning Gipſey, to acquaint him, that a Lady of Quality, and a Relation of his, intreated the favour of a Viſit from him; the crafty Decoy hover'd at a diſtance till *De Jardin* came out, who, as his cuſtome was, ſtanding at the Gate alone, ſhe, with a Modeſty as counterfeit as her Innocence, ask'd him if Monſieur *De Jardin* was within? Yes, *Belle Damoiſelle*, ſays he, my

name is ſo. *Seignior*, ſays ſhe, my Lady commands me to let you know ſhe has the Honour to be Related to you; and if it is not too great a condeſcention, ſhe begs you would ſpare half an hour from your more important affairs, and beſtow it upon her. *De Jardin* was not much ſurprized at ſo obliging an invitation; for though he knew of none of his Relations, who either wore the Title of Lady, or liv'd in *Naples*, yet preſuming upon the comlineſs of his perſon, and taking meen, imagin'd it was ſome Lady of Quality who was enamour'd of him, and with this pretence, courted an opportunity to diſcover her Paſſion: *Madam*, ſays he, I could wiſh my ſelf worthy of ſo great a Bleſſing as I now receive; and ſince a ready ſubmiſſion to your Ladies Commands is the beſt proof I can give of my Zeal and Affection to her Service, I will this very minute pay my devotion to her. *De Jardin*, without going into his Lodging, went directly along with her, who led him through ſeveral croſs Streets, and by-ways, till they came to the Houſe, which in the Front appear'd fair and reputable; at the Door a perſon attended, who conducted *De Jardin* into a Room richly furniſh'd both for pleaſure and ſtate.

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Aſſoon as the Lady was acquainted that Monſieur *De Jardin* was below, ſhe deſcended with a Grace portly and majeſtick, which, leaſt it ſhould ſtrike too great an awe and diſtance upon her tender Kinſman, ſhe ſweetned with an affectionate familiarity and reſpect. The wily Courtezan wove her Net ſo fine, his dull Eye could not diſcover the leaſt Thread; ſhe diſplay'd his Pedigree with ſo much artifice, that his obſcure name was now deriv'd from one of the moſt Noble Houſes of all *Italy*, of which ſhe had the Honour to be no inconſiderable Branch; all which his Pride and Folly eaſily credited. Variety of Diſcourſe, with mutual Congratulations for ſo happy an enterview, had now ſpent a good part of the Evening, when the Lady was whiſper'd in the Ear that Supper was ready, which ſhe order'd to be brought in; which, though it wanted neither in Coſt nor Art, ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to excuſe, as too mean and ſlender an Entertainment for ſo worthy a Gueſt. Supper being done, *De Jardin* conſidering it grew late, and he was a ſtranger to the Streets, was ready with a large Harangue of Thanks, to take leave of his Honourable Kinſwoman; who preventing his Complement, told him,

him, She was very ſorry the rudeneſs of her Education did not give her leave to expreſs the ſincerity of her affections with a better Grace to ſo critical a Courtier; but ſhe hoped the Tranſports of Joy for this days good Fortune, would Apologize for any indecorum ſhe was guilty of. *De Jardin* replyed with an humble Cringe; when taking him by the hand, nay, Couſin ſays ſhe, though I am well aſſured your Reception has been too ordinary for your Merit, yet I muſt flatter my ſelf ſo far, that my houſe can afford you equal accomodations with your Inn; and if you rob me of your Company to Night, you have not that eſteem for me I am ſo ambitious of. *De Jardin*, whoſe better Genius was then out of the way, accepted of it. The Lady call'd for a Flask of *Florence*, and recommended the Glaſs to him, titled with ſome Magnifico's Health, all within the circle of their own Relations. It now grew Bed time, and *De Jardin* was attended to his apartment by the Lady and two of her Servants, who after a ſolemn Good-night withdrew to her one. *De Jardin* being undreſs'd, as he was ſtepping into Bed, the Wine began to rumble in his Guts, which was Phyſically prepared for that purpoſe; asking one of the Servants for

for a convenient Eaſement, he was directed in to a little Room adjoyning: his buſineſs required haſt. Boldly ſtepping in, a Board, which lay deſignedly looſe, gave way, and down he drop't to the bottom, which had certainly bruis'd him into the ſame Jelly, had not the ſoftneſs of the Carpet prevented the danger of the fall. Aſſoon as he had recovered himſelf from the fright (for hurt he had none, but what was above Stairs) he cryed out for help, but no body anſwered, though he heard his Kinſwomans voice very merry and loud; they were too buſy in ranſaking his Pockets, where they found the prize they wanted, with bulk unbroken. In this great diſtreſs he at laſt diſcovered a Wall which parted it from the Street, this he endeavoured to ſcale, but with often ſlips mir'd himſelf over Head and Ears. But Good Fortune had not quite forſaken him, at laſt he conquer'd it, and found himſelf in the middle of the Street. By the light of the *Moon* he gueſſed at the Houſe, and with the Clapper rung ſo loud a Peal upon the Door, that he awak'd the whole Neighborhood. When a Grim Fellow open'd the Window, and ask'd, What Drunken Royſter gave that unmannerly Alarm? I am, *Sir*, ſays he, the Ladies Couſin.

Couſin. Sirrah, ſays he, you are an Impudent Lyer; I know no ſuch perſon: begone in time, or you'l too late repent this Sawcy Affront. At this, *De Jardin* heard the Watch a coming, which forc'd him to break off the Dialogue and ſecure himſelf: As he was looking for a ſhelter, he ſpied an open Bulk, where (in the day-time) a Cobler and a Herbwoman kept their Shop: Creeping in as far as he could to conceal himſelf whilſt the Watch was gone by, Three Fellows, who that Night deſign'd to rob a Cardinals Tomb, who was lately Buried in the great Church, had here hid their Tools, and now came for 'em. *De Jardin*, hearing men talk, lay cloſe; when one of 'em groping for the Inſtruments, and often complaining of a horrible ſtink, at laſt catch'd *De Jardin* by the Leg; the Fright was equal on both ſides, but the Fellow had the Courage to pull him out, and examine what ſort of creature lay dormant there. *De Jardin* had no reaſon to be aſham'd of his Clothes, his Shirt was the worſt, which was ſo offenſive, they forc'd him to denude; and conſidering he might be of uſe to 'em in their preſent deſign, and had poſſibly overheard ſome of their diſcourſe, they obliged him to go along with them.

Not-

Notwithſtanding he was now as naked as ever he was born, yet the filth was thick cruſted upon his Skin, and the ſmell ſo noiſome they could not endure it. For this, one of them thought of a preſent remedy: Hard by there was a deep Pond with a long Sweep and a Bucket at end of it, hither brought they *De Jardin*, and put him into the Bucket, and let him down into the Pond, and bid him, aſſoon as he had waſhed himſelf clean, he ſhould pull the Rope, and they would draw him up. Whilſt they ſtayed for *De Jardin*, the Watch came, it being very hot, to refreſh themſelves with ſome Water, the only Element that could be had at that hour; his Companions were forced to run for't, and the Watch had now laid down their Cloaks and Halberts and drew up the Bucket. *De Jardin* with a ſudden ſpring lept a ſhoar, which ſtruck ſuch a Panick fear upon 'em, that they fled to rights, and left the Pillage of the Field, their Cloaks and Halberts, to *De Jardin* and his Comerades. Having now cloſed Company again, they went directly to the Church, and at a Window eaſily got in; when coming to the Cardinals Tomb, they raiſed up the heavy Marble and began a diſpute who ſhould go in; one ſaid he would not;

and

and another said he would not. Nor I says *De Jardin*. No, says one of 'em? wont you? but you shall, what did we bring you here for else? by consent they forc'd *De Jardin* to go in, who reach'd 'em out his Mitre, his Crosier, and pull'd off his Gold Fringe Gloves richly Embroydered; he had heard 'em talk much of a Diamond Ring of great value, this he slipt off and put upon his own Finger, to secure something for fear of the worst; they still bid him look for the Ring, he told 'em he could find none, they must come in and look themselves; I am sure, says one, 'twas said he had a very rich Ring, feel upon t'other hand; as they were thus arguing the Case, they heard a sudden noise in the Church, which they suspected might be some of the Officers; this frighed 'em so, that away they ran and let the Stone fall down, and left poor *De Jardin* intomb'd with the dead Cardinal. This was a misfortune a Thousand times worse than any had yet befallen him; it was no t possible for him to raise up the Stone, and if he made a noise to discover himself, he should certainly be Executed for Sacriledge, and Robbing the dead; or else lye there and Starve, or be poyson'd with the stench of the Corrupting Body. It fortun'd that the

the noiſe; which frighted his Companions was from ſome perſons then breaking into the Church upon the ſame deſign: when they came to the Tomb, they raiſed up the Marble, and ſtrongly underprop'd it, and put the ſame queſtion which was before; each perſon was unwilling to go in. What, ſaies a bold Fellow, are you afraid the dead Cardinal ſhould bite you? I'le go in. As he was letting himſelf down, *De Jardin* catch'd faſt hold of his Legs; the Fellow frighted out of his Wits, cryed out, Help, Help, the Cardinal has catched me by the Legs; and ſtrugling got out and followed his Companions, who every ſtep he made, expected the Cardinal ſhould catch him by the Pole. This gave *De Jardin* an opportunity, who immediately quitted the Church the ſame way he came in, and with one of the Watchmens Cloaks walk'd about till Morning. When it was light he enquired out his Inn, where he borrowed ſome Cloaths, and gave 'em a Relation of his misfortune, but not a word of the Ring. That Evening he left *Naples*, and ſet forward for *France* without the purchaſe of a Horſes Tail; and though he had loſt his Money and Clothes, he had a Ring whoſe value ballanc'd the account.

NOVEL VII.

The Ladies Courtſhip, or the Bloody Reception.

A Gentleman of Quality, who by his generous aſſiſtance had reſcued a *French-man* from the powerful aſſault of Bayliffs, and afterwards obliged with ſeveral acts of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality, received the naked acknowledgment of thanks; as much as he expected, or the unfortunate ſtranger was able to give. This Gentleman, ſome years after, went over to *France*, and ſetled at *Paris*, where the great confluence of Gentry and Nobility, both *French* and forreign, gave him the beſt opportunities of improvement in Converſe and Society. Walking out one Evening from the *Fouberg* St. *Germain*, where his Lodging was, towards *Colomb*, he found a by-path melancholy ſhaded, which then beſt ſuted with his ſerious and conſidering thoughts. He had not advanc'd above a Hundred paces before he diſcovered a Lady richly dreſt, ſitting alone by a little Rivulet, with all the marks of a paſſionate and diſcontented Heart; ſurpriz'd with ſo unexpected a ſight, he directed

ed his way towards her, whom he found young and handſome, with ſo ſweet an Air, which (though clouded) could not be totally Eclipſed by all the diſadvantages that grief and ſorrow had diſguiſed her with. The Engliſh Cavalier addreſſed himſelf to her with a Courtly meen, and Language full of Reſpect and Compaſſion; which ſpoke the ſympathy of his affections, and the deep Impreſſion her diſcontents had fix'd upon him. After a neglectful ſilence, which ſeemed rather the effect of her ſurprize than diſreſpect, ſhe told him, that the preſent weight of her misfortunes obliged her to ſeek a retirement, where ſhe might vent her paſſions unheard or ſeen of any mortal eye, which ſhe hoped this place could have afforded: But ſince your unlucky fate will oblige you to ſhare my miſery, know, *Sir*, it is yet in my power to keep you happy, which my ſilence can only ſecure to you. The Gentleman fired with this tempting Oratory, could not forbear ſome farther Queſtions, with the Aſſurance, that if either his Courage or Conduct could be of ſervice to her, ſhe intierly commanded both. The Lady with a ſeeming violence to her own modeſty, told him, Her Lady Mother, whoſe Power and Paſſion were equally uncontroulable for ſome

ſlight offence, had this Evening turned her out of doors, and utterly diſcarded her; nor did ſhe know where to find a refuge from the inconvenience of the approaching Night. The Gentleman readily proffered his Honour to guard her Virtue from all attempts, would ſhe pleaſe to accept a Lodging where his Friendſhip could aſſure it; if not, that he would wait upon her home, and employ his beſt endeavours to reconcile the angry Lady to ſo penitent an Offender. The laſt ſhe more inclin'd to, when the Gentleman raiſing her with his hand, ſhe directed him into a private Street, where a large *Portico* gave promiſe of a more ſtately Building beyond the proſpect of his Eye. Knocking at the Gate, the Porter immediately open'd it, which lead into a large Court; as they entred, a proper Gentleman, whom the Lady call'd Brother, accoſted 'em, who welcomed the Stranger with a courteous and obliging behaviour, and conducted 'em into a Parlour, where the young Lady, with all the advantages of Wit and Elegance acknowledged ſo conſiderable a favour. After ſome diſcourſe the Lady Mother came in, ſury and revenge uſher'd in her preſence in a Majeſtick pace, which the Gentleman obſerving, applyed himſelf to her with the

moſt

most prevailing Arguments so fair a Subject, and his pregnant fancy could inspire him with. When the Lady had discharged her passion in a Storm more violent than lasting, she admitted a Truce, which gave her Daughter the opportunity of a profound submission; this seal'd an intire League of of Amity and Reconciliation. The Gentleman having receiv'd the Complements and Thanks of the Mother and Daughter, desired to take his leave; but her Brother, with the highest expressions of gratitude and respect, told him, he had one favour more to beg of him in behalf of himself and Sister, That he would not deny them the happiness of his Company to such an Entertainment as the short warning, and their slender provision would give 'em leave to present him; this he urg'd with so many pressing arguments of Civility and Kindness, that in good Manners he could not refuse. Supper being ended, the Gentleman excused the rudeness of his suddain departure, with the lateness of the Evening, and danger of walking the Streets of *Paris* in the dark, which were then so infested with Thieves and Bravo's, that every Morning discover'd fresh Murders. The young Lady told him, she was very sensible of the inconvenience of being late abroad, and for

that reaſon was obliged to be tender of his ſafety, who with ſo much Honour and Generoſity had preſerved hers; that their Houſe, though ill furniſh'd, was not without a Lodging for ſo worthy a Friend, which was at his ſervice if he pleaſed, rather than run the hazard of going to his own. The Gentleman accepted of it. Variery of pleaſant Diſcourſe had ſpun the time to almoſt Twelve, when the Company ſeeming inclinable to Bed, the young Lady took up the Candle, and told the Gentleman, it was her duty to wait upon him; which ſhe did up one pair of Stairs, through a long Gallery; at the end of it was a fair Chamber, where nothing was wanting for ſervice or ornament. The Lady having placed the Candle upon the Table with a deep ſigh; was going haſtily back, wirhout any farther Ceremony or Reſpect. The Gentleman; who thought himſelf obliged to receive ſo ſignal a favour with a more ſolemn Apology, beginning to excuſe himſelf, ſhe turn'd of a ſudden, and with a melancholy look and mournful tone, told him, *Prepare your ſelf to dye, for you have not half an hour to live; I am ſorry for it, but cannot help it.* This was ſo unexpected a Complement, he had neither power nor ſence to make a reply. The Lady was now gone, and he left

alone

alone to consider this strange farewell, which was spoke with so passionate an accent; he had reason to believe it an important Truth, and no common piece of Raillery. The Gentleman in this surprize resolv'd to secure himself as well as he could, and immediately made fast the Door, and drew his Sword, expecting what would be the Issue of this strange Adventure. About half an hour after, when 'twas supposed the Gentleman was undressed, and going to Bed, he heard a noise of several persons walking in the Gallery towards his Chamber door; one of 'em gently knock'd, and desir'd leave to come in for a little Cabinet the Lady wanted; he civily excus'd himself, That it was a custom he always observ'd abroad, never to open his door after he was retir'd to his Chamber; he beg'd the Ladies pardon, he should rise early in the Morning, and then she might command it as soon as she pleas'd. The other told him, 'twas a rudeness unpardonable to deny the Lady the command of her own House; that he would force the Door, and make him deerly repent so sawcy an Answer. The Gentleman told him he was resolutely bent upon his own defence, and stood ready to receive him with his naked Sword; and what violence was offer'd should meet with the best resistance

he could make. Upon this, Six Ruffians broke in upon him; the first he ran through the Body, who dropt, and made way for his Companions, who prest so hard upon him, he was forc'd to give back to the Wall; he had now receiv'd as well as given several Wounds, and was ready to fall with loss of Blood, when suddenly one of 'em commanded the rest to withdraw; when they were gone, throwing away his Sword, upon his Knees he beg'd his pardon, and assur'd him his Life was safe; and if he pleased to revenge the Wounds he had receiv'd upon him, he now lay at his mercy. The Gentleman, who had reason to suspect more treachery than kindness in so suddain a Friendship, stood close upon his Guard, and told him, if his Expressions were sincere, he expected better reason than he had at present to confirm him in it. Upon this he told him, *Sir*, I should longer have conceal'd my self, did I not think Ingratitude a greater Sin than any I was ever guilty of; I am that *Frenchman*, and you the Gentleman, who in *England* once rescued me from the Bayliffs hands, when if I had been taken I had been undone for ever. Upon this the Gentleman presently remembred him to be the same person, and embracing him with all Endearness and Affection (after some

ſome care of their Wounds) they paſſed away the Night together. The Gentleman told him, as he had received his Life from his hands, it would double the obligation if he pleaſed to acquaint him with the meaning of thoſe odd circumſtances he had now met withal. *Sir*, ſays he, I do not oblige you to ſecrecy; for to morrow I intend to give the Magiſtrate the ſame account you now hear: I have been but Three days in this Houſe, and you the firſt perſon I ever made an attempt upon. We have ſeveral Women who walk abroad in the Evening, and according to their preſent Wit and Invention, with fair Stories decoy Strangers in, who are Treated with all Civility; but at Night Murdered in their Beds, and their Bodies thrown into a deep Vault: Their Clothes and Money is all the prize we can aim at, which is ſhared amongſt us of the Family. The next Morning they went out early together, and the *Frenchman* made the ſame Diſcourſe to the *Magiſtrate*. Upon ſearch they diſcover'd the Bodies of Twenty Gentlemen lately Murder'd: The perſons were all apprehended and Executed, and the Gentleman immediately return'd for *England*.

NOVEL VIII.

Fate in a Circle: Or the Platonick Round.

NOt far from *Newbury* in *Berkshire*, in the Reign of King *James*, a High-way-man, who had committed a Robbery and Murther, upon the persuit was taken, and at the Assizes Condemned to be Hanged upon the place where the Fact was done, and there to remain in Chains. The day of Execution being come, he was brought to the Gibbet with a numerous Croud of Spectators, the Smith who was to make the Hoops of Iron, being not well acquainted with that part of his Trade, had mistaken his Measure, which occasioned a delay in the Execution. Night now growing on, the Country people fearing they should lose their labour, and so pleasing a diversion, grew mutinous, and told the Officers they ought to hang him now, and Chain him up to Morrow. To give their Neighbours a satisfaction in so reasonable a request, they agreed to it, and dispatch'd this poor wretch for another World, in a legal Hempen Noose: And not to be farther troubled with the

the Body, they left it there for that Night upon the Gibbet, designing next day to compleat the remaining part of the Sentence. It happened that a Country Farmer with his Son came by in the dark of the Evening, with their empty Cart from the Market; the young Fellow who had no share in that days Recreation, desired his Father he might drive his Cart up to the Gibbet to see so unusal a Spectacle, which had been the business and discourse of the Day. When they came near, they heard a humming Noise, like the faint Groans of a dying man. This at first startled 'em, but taking heart and more seriously considering what it should be, they agreed this hollow Murmure came from the Breast of the Man upon the Gibbet; and through a mistake in fixing the Knot of the Rope, he had some sparks of Life in his Heart yet unextinguished. The Son was very earnest to cut the Rope, and try if they could recover him, but the Old man more cautiously weighing the danger that would attend so illegal an act, disswaded him, but at last consented to it, for the sake of so Novel an Experiment. They now drove the Cart underneath, and the young Fellow cut the Rope, and the Body dropt down into it. When going off a little distance from the place, the Son forc'd open his

his Teeth, and the Father pour'd in three Spoonfuls of a Rich Cordial out of his *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle. This had its desired Effect; for in half an hours time the Thief was recovered to his Senses, and began to discourse 'em about the World he was now got into, and who were the Inhabitants of this Land of Darkness; when by their Language he found he was yet among his own Country-men, he was very well pleased, but more surprized when they told him he was yet in *England*, and upon *Newbury-Common*; as if Death was but what the *Indians* believe, a great Journey, but at last back to their own Country. Having acquainted him how kind they had been in saving his Life, they next fell upon a debate of preserving themselves from a discovery; the Farmer living ten Miles off from *Newbury*, it was resolved the Thief should go along with them, where he should change his Clothes, discoulour his Face, and lye private till he could more conveniently dispose of himself. The next day, when the Smith and the Officers came to take down the Body, and hang it up in Chains, they found the Rope cut, and that the Body was taken away, which was suppos'd to have been Buried by some friendly hand, to prevent the continued Ignominy of the Gibbet: But having

having ſearch'd round about, they could find no place which gave 'em ſuſpition of a freſh interment; ſo that not meeting with any probable means of recovering the Body, they gave over all further inquiry. The Thief ſenſible of the great obligations he had to the Farmer and his Son, and willing to give the beſt Teſtimony he could of a grateful Soul, offers his faithful Service to 'em, which they accepted of. He had now continued with them Two years, and approved himſelf highly Induſtrious and Juſt, and Honeſt beyond all Exception; this gain'd him a particular eſteem from his Maſter, who now intruſted him in all affairs of Money and buſineſs, without the leaſt jealouſy or ſuſpect. About ſeven Miles from *Newbury* was a Fair, whither the Farmer ſent him to ſell Ten Fat Oxen, with orders not to take under ſuch a price, and that his Son or he would be there time enough to give farther direction. This truſty Servant got early to the Fair, and being offered a good convenient ſum, ſold his Oxen, and received the Money, which proving a Temptation beyond his power to reſiſt, he took his Horſe and rid directly for *London*, where he hop'd to ſhelter himſelf from his Maſters perſuit. The Farmers Son being more quick upon him than he expected, and underſtanding

the

the Oxen were ſold at an under Rate, and his Man gone towards *London* with the Money, Gallop'd after him, and fortunately overtook him; who though ſtrangely ſurprized, was not without ſome excuſe, that he was going to ſee an old Friend who liv'd two Miles farther. His young Maſter ſpoke kindly to him, and only adviſed him to go back again now, and make his Viſit another time. Upon their return to the Fair he met with his Father, whom he privately acquainted with the Treachery of his Servant, and adviſed what was to be done in ſo nice a point. It was reſolv'd they ſhould uſe him with the ſame common Reſpect they formerly did, and give him no cauſe to Imagine himſelf under any diſpleaſure, and at night they would Execute their Sentence againſt him. Coming back by *Newbury*, they paſſed by the Gibbet which was yet ſtanding, when ſuddenly ſeizing on him, they pull'd off his Coat, and hang'd him up on the ſame unhappy Tree from whence they had ſo Charitably Redeem'd him. Next Morning the Neighbours found a perſon hang'd upon the Gibbet, and upon further obſervation diſcovered it to be the ſame Body which was Executed Two years before in Shoes and Stockings, whom the Devil had then Stole away, and upon ſome new diſobligation

diſobligation, had now brought back and hang'd in Boots and Spurrs. This was the wonder and diſcourſe of the Country, which preſently reach'd the Court; the ſtrangeneſs of this Story gave a general ſurprize, which to be fully ſatisfyed in, a Proclamation was Iſſued out, which promiſed a pardon and reward to the diſcoverer; this Invited the Farmer and his Son to *London*, who after a particular Relation of the whole Story, humbly beg'd, that this fact of theirs might not be conſtrued as a private act of Malice and Revenge in them; but like good ſubjects, having once done amiſs, they endeavoured to give a ſatisfaction to the Law by Executing ſo great a Villain, according to the words and Tenor of his firſt Sentence.

NOVEL IX.

The Double Marriage: Or, Love in the Grave.

A Weſt Countrey Gentleman, whoſe Quality and Eſtate gave him no mean Character amongſt his Neighbours, had one only Son, who having richly furniſh'd himſelf withal the accompliſhments of the Univerſity and the Inns of Court, his Father commanded him into the Country, intending to diſpoſe of him in Marriage, as his own affections, and his Fathers diſcretion could meet in a convenient Match. The young Gentleman receiv'd the Welcoms and Congratulations of all his Friends; whoſe Viſits he return'd with equal reſpect; theſe opportunities obliged him with the converſe and acquaintance of ſeveral Ladies, whoſe Beauty and Virtue, though perfections in 'em equally eminent, made no Impreſſion on his obdurate heart; all the Artillery of their Eyes wounded him no more, than a ſhowr of Hail-ſhot can a *Switz* Caſe-harden'd. Strange and intricate is the Labyrinth of Love, whoſe ſympathetical attractions are beyound the Art of a Phyloſophical diſcovery. It chanced one day,

day, being abroad with ſome Friends at a Fox Chaſe, when their ſport was over, they call'd in at a Gentlemans Houſe, who had one Daughter, a Lady young, of incomparable Wit and charming Features. This Gentleman, who had hitherto been a ſtranger to Love, and could look upon the moſt celebrated Beauty with as indifferent an Eye as a curious Face drawn by the skilful hand of *Titian* or *Vandike*, found himſelf ſurpriſed on a ſudden, all the faculties of his Soul made a preſent ſurrender to the power and devotion of this Beautiful Nimph. At his return home, he acquainted his Father where he had been, and that he had this day ſeen that lovely Creature he admired above all the World. The Old Gentleman was very well pleas'd with his Choice, and told him, that as to her Fortune he was well aſſured it would be no ways inferiour to the greateſt pretenſions he could make. Receiving ſo good encouragement, he made his preſent Addreſſes to the Lady, whoſe prudence and modeſty, though they at firſt forbid her a fond familiarity, yet her Innocence knew none of thoſe wily Artifices, and coy delays with which the deſigning Dame Trolls with her Lover, when ſhe once finds him faſt upon the Hook. Frequent enterviews had now warm'd 'em with mutual

affections,

affections, which the approbation and concurrence of their Parents confirm'd into an inviolable Friendſhip. There was a Rich Uſerer, who in an unlucky hour fortun'd accidentally to ſee this young Lady, of whom he grew ſo enamor'd, that inquiring out her Name aud Relations, he immediately made his Application to her Father; and conſidering the diſadvantageous Courtſhip of Age and Impotency, to Youth and Vigour, he reſolv'd to turn the Scale with a weighty Joynture. The Ladies Father conſidering the Uſurers Propoſals, That his Daughter might be ſetled in the World, Miſtriſs of a fair Eſtate, and that the Portion he deſign'd her, would be a very good addition and Improvement to the Fortunes of his other Children, reſolv'd upon it, without conſulting his Daughters Inclinations, or conſidering how far already ſhe might have diſpos'd of her ſelf; the Lands of the Joynture were Survey'd, and the Writings ready for the Seal, when the Father calling his Daughter into his Cloſet, told her, he deſign'd to ſee her Married to Morrow; the young Lady anſwer'd with a Bluſh. Nay, ſays he, underſtand me aright, I mean to Mr. *Corvy*. The Name ſhe ſtarted at; Come, come, ſays he, he is a ſober, grave Gentleman, and to my knowledge, ſow'd all his

Wild

wild Oats Fourty years ago; I am for none of your extravagant *London* Sparks, who know no more of the value of Money, than as they pay Ten *per Cent* for the Uſe of it. The young Lady, who underſtood no part of his Satyrical reflection, humbly reply'd, She had already, with his conſent, lodg'd another perſon in her Breaſt, who had the intire poſſeſſion of her heart, which ſhe could not divide; nor in Honour or Juſtice recede from thoſe ſacred Vows and Proteſtations by which ſhe ſtood ſo ſolemnly engaged. Her Father, whoſe Government was Arbitrary, and his Commands poſitive, with Sour look, and contracted Brow, told her, he admitted no Excuſe, but expected her ready ſubmiſſion to his Will and Pleaſure. She, who was all Duty and Obedience, only anſwered, *Sir*, you may, if you pleaſe, oblige me to the Ceremony of Marriage, but you can never force my affections to love him I mortally hate. The next day, notwithſtanding all her Arguments to the contrary, or endeavours to defer the Wedding till ſhe had more maturely conſider'd it, ſhe was Married to Old *Corvy*. Bad News is never ſlow, nor was Report lazy in giving the forlorn Lover intelligence of this ſurprizing misfortune; which ſtruck him with a horrour and confuſion inexpreſſible. After Three Months

had cool'd the violence of his Paſſion, he fell into a deep melancholy, which threatned dangerous effects both to Body and and Mind: His Relations adviſ'd him to Travel, if poſſibly diſtance of time and place might give a Cure to ſo fatal a diſcompoſure. This at laſt he was perſwaded to, when having taken leave of his Friends, he went to pay his farewell Reſpects to the Lady, whoſe ſorrow and diſcontent compleated the moſt lively Scene of humane miſery. Having ſeen *France* and *Italy*, his curioſity led him into *Perſia*, where he continued ſeveral years; Time and variety of different Objects had now in ſome meaſure abated his ſorrow, and worn out the memory of his former troubles: One Night ſeriouſly muſing on the Vagrant Life he led, in a ſtrange Countrey remote from all his Friends, he reſolv'd upon a ſpeedy Return for *England*, from whence he had been Nine years abſent. Landing at *Plymouth* he took Poſt and arriv'd at his native Town in the cloſe of the Evening; knocking at the Gate of his Fathers Houſe, he deſir'd to ſpeak with the Gentleman that liv'd there, the Servant told him he was dead Four Months a-go, but her Miſtreſs was within. Pray, ſays he, let her know I intreat the favour to wait upon her, who coming down, his earneſt

earneſt Affection and Duty would not ſuffer him long to conceal himſelf, though change of Air, and difference of Climates, had wrought thoſe alterations in his Face, he was as much unknown to her as the Grand Seignior, and as much unexpected. He having condoled with her for the death of his Father, and ſhe welcom'd his Return with all the Tranſports of a tender Mother, his firſt Inquiry was how the Lady did, his former Miſtreſs: who ſeeming ſtartled with the ſuddain queſtion, I hope, ſays he, ſhe's not dead; yes, ſays his Mother, ſhe is ſo, and happy in t: She was Buried this Evening in our own Church, and I came but now from her Grave. His long Travels had not eſtrang'd his affections, the Idea of his former Love yet ſtood fair in the Impreſſion, and unrivall'd in his Breaſt; though he receiv'd this mournful News, but with a common paſſion, his Eyes had a deluge of Tears in ſtore, and his heart exceſs of Grief. His Mother leaving the Room to give ſome private orders to her Servants, he took that opportunity, and went out to an Ale-houſe in the Town, and ſent for the Clerk, in Diſcourſe he told him he had made an Oath to himſelf to Kiſs Miſtreſs *Corvy*, who he underſtood was buried that Evening; and if he would keep his counſel, and lend his aſſiſtance,

assistance, he would reward him for his pains. The Clerk who took the Man to be as mad as his design was whimsical, told him, he did not use to disturb the dead, nor was it safe for him to do so; and if that was all his Business, this was his Answer. The Gentleman who well knew the power of Gold, which could open Graves as well as Locks, call'd him back again, and offer'd him Ten Pieces (a Sum, for which he would have dug up the whole Parish) and promis'd him he would only take up the Body and Kiss it, and lay it in again; all which they could do, without the knowledge or privacy of any of his Neighbours. This now was Sense the Clerk understood, who told him, he hoped he was a Gentleman, and design'd him no injury by it; that if this would be any satisfaction to him, he did freely command it. The Clark went home for the Key, and his Dark-Lanthorn, and the Gentleman met him at the Church-Porch; they had presently uncover'd the Coffin, which they took out of the Grave and open'd it: The Gentleman Kissed her Lips, and fancied 'em warm; when unshrowding her Breast, and laying his Hand upon her Heart, he felt a gentle motion, as if there were some sparks of Life yet remaining wrapt up in their Embers. He

told

told the Clerk, he was very confident the Gentlewoman was not dead, and he would uſe his utmoſt skill to reſtore her to Life again. The Clerk earneſtly diſſwaded him from any ſuch Attempt, as firſt againſt all ſenſe; and then if it was ſo, and ſhe ſhould come to Life, what would become of him, who ſhould certainly loſe his place, and be expos'd to the Diſcourſe of the whole Country. The Gentleman was reſolute in his opinion, which the Clerk as earneſtly withſtood, and fain would have Buried her for fear of a recovery; till at laſt he threatned, if he did not aſſiſt him, he would have him Hang'd for Murdering of her. This frighted him into a complyance; they took up the Coffin on their Shoulders, and went directly to his Mothers Houſe, who all this time miſſing of her Son, who was ſo ſuddainly vaniſh'd, began ſeriouſly to queſtion with her ſelf, whether it was his real perſon ſhe had ſeen, or ſome Airy Apparition in his ſhape and figure. Whilſt the Mother was under this diſſatisfaction, in came her Son, and the Clerk, with the Coffin on their Backs, which they ſet down upon the Table: At this dreadful ſight, ſhe could believe no leſs but that her Houſe was haunted, which had the ſame effects upon her of fear and trembling. Her Son ſeeing his

Mothers diſorder, told her what he had done, and deſir'd ſhe would immediately put the Body into a warm Bed, and by the help of Spirits, and what other means ſhe thought proper, endeavour to recover it. In a lucky hour return'd this conſtant Lover, and payd his Reſpects to his departed Miſtreſs, the diligent Care of his Mother, and the excellency of her Cordials had a miraculous ſucceſs; by the next Morning ſhe open'd her Eyes, and Senſe and Reaſon began to dawn in her expreſſions, like the glimmering Beams of the Sun newly ſprung from the dark Bed of Night. During the the time ſhe was married to this old Uſurer ſhe was melancholy and diſcontented, which at laſt ſo far prevail'd upon her, that ſhe often fell into Trances, in which ſhe lay for ſeveral hours, and in one of theſe was undoubtedly Buried. Aſſoon as ſhe was perfectly recover'd to her ſelf, and able to walk about the Room, this Gentleman, who had kept private in his Chamber, made her a Viſit, whome ſhe preſently knew, though as yet ſhe was ignorant of all thoſe ſtrange Circumſtances of her late preſervation. Their firſt Reſpects and Careſſes being over, the Gentleman acquainted her with the ſincerity of his affection which he had ſtill continued through all the various chan-

ces

ces of his Forreign Travel, of which the Story of her own life and ſafety, which he then recounted was a moſt infallible demonſtration. It may eaſily be imagind with what different paſſions this ſtrange relation affected her, ſometimes the barbarous cruelty of her Husband thus to interr her alive; animated her withthe greateſt abhorrence and deteſtation of ſo vile a Wretch, when a ſecond thought of the unparallel'd hindneſs of this Gentleman plunged her into the Abyſs of Love, and Admiration. After a few hours had calm'd her mind into a more ſerene and compoſ'd Temper, he told her, *Madam* there is but one ſtep more to render me compleatly happy, as for that curſed Man, he by his own act has forfeited all Right and Title to you, to whom I lay an unqueſtionable claim of Recovery. It was preſently reſolv'd that to morrow ſhould be that happy day. The Mother next morning early ſent to the Parſon to deſire him to meet two Friends of hers at the Church who deſired to be privately Married, which was done, the Parſon not in the leaſt ſuſpecting the Bride was the ſame Lady he had buried four days before. This was kept ſo ſecret it was only known to the Clerk and their own Family. The next week the Gentleman appeared abroad and made viſits to ſeveral of his

Friends and acquaintance, where it happened he met with the Usurer, several discourses had passed concerning the curiosities of those forreign parts he had been at, when old *Corvy* asked him if he was Married yet? Yes Sir says he, and I am heartily sorry for the loss of your Lady who I understand was buried ten days agoe; I says he, we must all Dye, it can't be help'd, but pray Sir what Country is the Lady of you married? Sir I fetch'd her from a far Country you may call it in English the *Land of Darkness*, it is about Five hundred Leagues to the South of *Ethiopia*, on the *North*, it Borders on the Land of Silence; I have read of it Sir says Old *Corvy*; and shall be very Ambitious to pay my Service to your Lady and welcome her to *England*. Upon this he made a public entertainment next day and Invited his Friends, amongst whom old *Corvy* made one, the Guests being comeand Dinner upon the Table, the Gentlemanwent up stairs and brought down his Wife in his Hand, who received the Respects and Complements of all the Company with a meen so grave and strange as if she had never seen the Face of any of 'em before. All Dinner she eat but little and spoke not a word, Every ones Eye was fixt upon her, admiring the exact resemblance of her Countenance

nance which was ſo like, they muſt have believed her to be the ſame perſon, had they not known Mrs. *Corvy* was dead and they themſelves at the Funeral. Old *Corvy* pul'd outhis Spectacles to take the better aim who ſeeing ſo accurate a Copy of his Wifes face in every feature, told him he ſhould have ſworn this had been his own Wife, was he not certain ſhe was now cold in her Grave. The Gentleman ſmil'd and told 'em the whole Story, which ſhe confirm'd. The Uſurer more out of Love to Contention than any reſpect to his Wife, revived his old Title, to which the Gentleman pleaded the preſcription of the Grave; It was a Caſe without a preſident and of more than ordinary difficulty ſince both were married to her and both enjoyed her. It was at laſt adjudg'd that ſhe ſhould live ſeparate from 'em both, 'till one of 'em dyed, and the ſurviver receive her as h is Wife without farther Ceremony. Within few Months after old *Corvy* dyed in a Pet and left her to the ſole Embraces of her firſt Lover with a very conſiderable Joynture, with whom ſhe lived long and happy in a fruitful Off-ſpring and affectionate Husband.

The end of the First Part.

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